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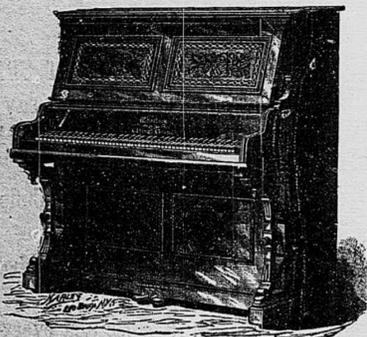
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SARGE PLUNKETT.

The Old Man Has Been a Close Listener During the Snow.

Atlanta Constitution.

Brown nor I could do much of anything during the snow but listen, and we listened.

We have known for a long time that the moon affected the vegetable kingdom, but it does more than that.

Boards put on a house in the new of the moon will warp and twist and turn up at the ends of all roads.

Lay a fence worm in the dark of the moon and the rails will sink in the ground—in the light they will lay above ground dry and nice.

Meat killed in the light of the moon will have no grease—it will puff and spew but won't grease the dinner.

One of our scientific friends denied all this and told us just how many candle lights the moon affected the earth. This fellow had us about convinced that the moon wasn't nothing, but in the very next breath he swore that she controlled the tides, and the tide is a big thing in our eyes ever since we went to Savannah.

Brown swears that a "moon-eyed" horse once, and he knows what he knows, and so we have compromised on the moon complications by just letting her rip—she is older than us, if statistics be correct.

Speaking of statistics reminds me that we had one visitor who was entirely devoted to this line. If he stopped in the snow one minute he was figuring and could tell you anything you wanted to know about the inhabitants of the earth and all that is therein if it has been printed anywhere in the world within the last forty years. This is a worse malady than the moon business, we think, for we do hate figures. A fellow came along just after the war and showed us as plain as could be how we could raise cotton to buy corn and meat just so easy.

We tried it and we haven't liked to listen to a "figuring" man from that year to this. But this fellow last week was harmless. He didn't try to figure you into trouble, he was just wanted to show his learning. He was a great supporter along with other things. He would suppose this and suppose that and whirl away and figure like a mile a minute to prove his suppositions. "Suppose a tank of water one mile square," said he, "and suppose that tank had a hole at the bottom one inch round, take the stopper out and the water would shoot a hole into China, or turn it and it would throw a stream of water over to London and back again."

How he would figure as he related this—figure and chew gum and take his spectacles off his nose and put 'em back again—no harm though.

It was a pleasure for us to be relieved from this statistical figuring man—that is what we call him—by a set of jolly college boys. A set of young medical students had been given a holiday and they were out romping through the snow after rabbits. I think the figuring man was scared worse than any rabbit met that day, for as they began to pelt him with the snowballs his beaver hat got a lick and column after column of little printed statistics scattered in the breeze. He cut the "pigeon wing" and did some simple flogging and turning like show folks, but the snowballs flew, and as one took him between the eyes he grabbed his handkerchief out of his pocket and this turned a new supply of statistics loose to the breeze, and he took to his heels with the whole of the Atlanta Medical College after him. A rabbit was scared from his bed and this saved the figuring man. Several States were represented by the young students, and here was a fair race through an open field. The rabbit had no chance; they soon picked him up, but I shall avoid giving the "winners," as it might be an index to character.

After the race the boys took a rest, and as I sat and listened and looked I thought to myself of what a pity it was to spout such a fine set of plowboys. To plow is the highest calling, in my notion, and it made me feel sorry when I thought of what a great field there was for plowboys as compared with the profession they are mastering. Some of them, with the prestige of a rich daddy, may get established without trouble, but the ones who are to build up a practice along with making a living will spend many a day of anxiety. The boys used jaw-breaking words, but it was alright, they are technical, and then anything better figuring.

I could say nothing but pleasant things of all these students, but one fellow gives me a chance to say more of him, because he had something out of the regular order—his own invention—and I don't see why it should not suggest some way out of the practice of robbing graves and using human beings in the dissecting rooms of medical colleges. What I speak of was a perfect human being—as to anatomy—molded in wax. Every bone, nerve, muscle, artery, vein—the perfect human—was represented by different colors of wax, or some of them by bread. The impression that this genius makes upon one when you look at him and watch him, is that the "still saw gets the stop." The boys dissected the rabbit and discussed all the points with jaw-breaking words and were wishing for more work of the same kind when they were gratified by the production of this human in wax. The young man made no do about it; it was small and he had it in his pocket, and he lent it there and then to be dissected and discussed. After it was all over with it was pronounced perfect—not a thing missing, not a thing too much—so let my snatching cease and some one get rich by manufaturing human beings in wax.

It was easy and natural for these young men to turn from weighty matters and proceed to relate frivolous anecdotes connected with the profession. Some of these anecdotes were in the nature of confessions, and one of these brought up a stout young man from Georgetown—a little town this side the river from Eufla, Ala., a couple of fine fellows from Greenville County, S. C., a dignified student from Sparta, Ga., and a young man from the wiregrass region. These all stood up and made public for the first time an exploit of a few nights before. It is well enough to state that these young men are considered the cranksiest cranks on the subject of surgery. To

PROHIBITION MANIFESTO.

The Leader Issues an Important Pronouncement.

When the Evans Dispensary law was passed the prediction was made that the prohibitionists would not be satisfied with it as the solution of the prohibition question, and such proves to be the case.

Ever since the law was passed the prohibitionists—officially speaking—have remained perfectly quiet, but now they come to the front once more, and through their State chairman they issue a manifesto to the people. It makes exceedingly interesting reading and is given in full:

THE MANIFESTO.

To the State Prohibition Executive Committee: By the action of our committee at its meeting in December last, it was requested to have the draft of the prohibition bill which had been adopted by the committee brought before the Legislature then in session, and to give my personal attention to its proper presentation to that body. That duty I am desirous to discharge to the best of my ability, giving my most continuous attendance on the sessions of the House and Senate and the committees until the matter was disposed of by the adoption of what is known as the Evans Dispensary law. Since then I have purposely avoided giving any public expression of opinion on the subject: first, because any attempt to forecast the results to flow from the law would be to a large extent speculative, and also because I feared that any adverse criticism which might escape me might be viewed in the light of factious opposition to the experiment, and calculated to hinder the good which its advocates, some of them earnest and conscientious prohibitionists, believed would come out of it, if it could be fairly tried.

It seems to me proper, however, that I should express to you, as members of the committee, my convictions on the subject formed, after the excitement attending the campaign and the anxiety watching and counseling the movement during its progress in the Legislature have passed, and I have had time and opportunity to consider the situation.

In considering the action of the Legislature on the subject of prohibition, it should be borne in mind that the question presented to the voters of the State by the prohibitionists at the primary elections was a very distinct one, in this respect at least, namely, whether the legal sanction of the sale of liquors as a beverage should be withdrawn and such sale prohibited by the State.

This being the fact, the majority vote cast at that time can be understood in no other sense than as the expression of a demand that the traffic in intoxicants as a beverage should be prohibited.

To carry out this purpose your executive committee prepared a bill which was introduced into the house by Mr. Roper, of Marlboro. After a most determined opposition by the liquor interests and the quasi political prohibitionists, this bill was reported favorably by the large special committee, composed of one member of each County, with only six dissenting votes, and after protracted debate of more than a week, in which the opposition was allowed to exhaust their arguments, almost without interruption from the friends of the measure, it passed the House by an unprecedented majority.

Up to this point it is clear that the large majority of the Representatives believed that their constituents wanted the kind of prohibition which was expressed in the Roper bill. This was legislation which would prohibit, and it was this fact which, in my judgment, sealed its fate with the Legislature. The combined elements of opposition to real prohibition ultimately proved successful in the substitution of the Evans bill in the Senate. Its subsequent passage by the House was the result of a conviction in the minds of many sincere and conscientious members who had supported the Roper bill as the proper measure that it would be impossible to secure the passage of that bill against the determined opposition of the Senate, and that it would, therefore, be better to accept the Evans bill, which had so many features in common with the Roper bill, than to have no legislation on the subject at the present session.

The fact however remains that the people asked for prohibition of the liquor traffic, and their representatives have seen fit to give them instead a law which takes the dispensing of intoxicants as a beverage out of the hands of the citizen and places it directly and entirely under the control of the State.

Such is the law which the prohibitionists of the State are called on to consider in order to determine their future attitude and action respecting it.

Are we, as prohibitionists, discharging ourselves from all responsibility for a law which was clearly a perversion of our purpose as expressed in the bill which we submitted, patiently, to await the results of the law in the hands of those who have taken the responsibility of foisting it upon an unwilling people? Or shall we oppose it as we would any measure which we believe fraught with evil to society by making common cause with all classes of our citizens who in any lawful way seek to render it inoperative? Or shall we stand ready to aid in extracting whatever of good may be found possible from its operation?

In considering these questions let us remember that while the act does not purport to regulate, it is claimed that a positive good is secured by it, for which prohibitionists have been long working, namely, the closing of the saloon and its congeners, the club room with its bar room appendage; that under the provisions of this act it is really in the power of the majority who voted for prohibition to say to what extent the Dispensary system shall prevail, and that the general effect of the act will be a considerable "step" toward ultimate prohibition.

Moreover, let us not forget that our prohibition movement derives whatever of force it possesses from the moral principle that the manufacture and sale of intoxicants for beverage purposes, in view of the evils which flow therefrom, is wrong in the sight of God, and fearfully demoralizing to man, and therefore any

UNDER HOT FIRE.

Sensations of a Man When the Bullets are Whistling.

How does it feel to be shot at? What are the sensations of a man when the bullets are whistling about him and the cannons are thundering and the shells bursting?

War is a memory to the veterans of a quarter of a century ago. To the new generation it is simply history. Younger men look at it as astronomers do the constellations—through a telescope. The lenses of one are paper bags; of the other glass. Both are more or less finely ground.

"You do not think much about it at the time," said General Phil Cook a day or two ago, referring to the sensations under a hot fire. "You know that there is danger all over you are thinking of gaining some point, or driving the enemy back or something of that kind. A man realizes that there is danger, of course, and that somebody will get killed. So you know every day that somebody will die, that somebody somewhere will be in a railroad collision or be run over or fall off a building or get drowned, but you always feel that it will be another man and not yourself. I had a presentiment once that I would be shot in a certain fight and before going I gave my watch and some papers to my commissary. I went through the fight without being scratched. I was shot three or four times and sometimes struck badly. Once when a Yankee bullet struck me in the leg and broke it. I was flat on my back for four hours before the litter bearers came. A part of the time the firing was hot all around. It was at night. I knew that it was not going to die and in the whole war there was nothing in my experience more sad than to hear the groans and the prayers of the wounded who were all around. And not one man was praying for himself, but all for the army or the South or victory. It was 'God bless our army' or 'God give us victory.' The soldiers were not thinking of themselves. Their country was dearer than their lives."

"It didn't hurt me much I should say on a man's temperament," Colonel W. A. Wright remarked. "A nervous man may think of danger to himself, but even his attention will be distracted when his engagement around him gets hot and his command is brought into the worst of it. Pride inspires a man. Pride in his own manhood fires him to rush into the thickest of the battle when the command is given. The most trying experience is to be held in reserve under fire. To feel that death is in the air all about and not be actively engaged is the greatest test. I should say, of a soldier's courage. I remember lying on the edge of a woods in the seven days' fight and being held in reserve all day long. The firing of the enemy was terrific. They were endeavoring to drive us out of the woods. Shot and shell rained behind anything that day. Men dropped behind anything that was behind a tree lying down flat and I told him to keep his feet close together so as to protect my head. That experience was more demoralizing than a charge. An advance is not anything like so bad as falling back. You feel that you will be shot in the back every minute. Holding an intrenchment is not the pleasantest duty in the world either. At Petersburg the two armies were in entrenchments within a quarter of a mile of each other for a long time. If a man showed his head twenty shots came at it as quick as a wink. When we went in we had to stay there from morning to night. Relief could not come during the day. The night was spent in sprang by Grant and the explosion was terrific. The enemy pushed the negro troops into the breach and they went right into the pit. They were caught like rats in a trap. The Alabama regiment under which the mine was exploded was torn all to pieces, but fresh men were thrown forward, the ranks were filled and the enemy were shot so fast as they came up."

General Lewis, Atlanta's postmaster, was on the other side and he knew how the Southern soldiers felt. He had an experience during the seven days' fight. He was ordered one day to stand on an open space. As he got his men on the ground the carnage was frightful. To give an idea, there were five brothers and a cousin who went in with the regiment and every one was killed that day. The entire family was wiped out, an occurrence which probably did not have a parallel during the war. More than half the men in one company were killed and hardly a commissioned officer in the regiment survived. A lieutenant was killed beside General Lewis and he did not notice it until he felt the warm blood on his arm. It had saturated his coat.

Colonel George H. Jones was a scout and had many thrilling experiences. A big price was set on his head. The other day an old negro entered his office at the State House. Colonel Jones greeted him warmly. "I can never forget that boy. He protected my wife and home all the time I was away and a brother could not have been more faithful. When I would slip home at night he would leave and keep a lookout for a surprise. Once he came running to the house and called me, saying that the Yankees were coming. I was off in a moment." Some cavalrymen rode up and searched him and low, but the man they were looking for was not there. One day, though, a squad of cavalrymen did surprise him and he had dismounted and was fixing his saddle when twenty men surrounded him and he had no idea that the enemy was within a mile. "I thought it was all up with master that time, sure," said Henry. He proceeded to tell how the Yankees disarmed his master and was consulting about how they should carry him off. They were all standing beside a dense thicket of briars. Something attracted the attention of the captors and they looked in another direction for a moment. The prisoner struck the man who had held him in the face with his fist and sent him sprawling. Colonel Jones leaped into the thicket and was hid from view. The cavalrymen turned on the instant and sent a volley of shots into the undergrowth through which the Confederate was

How to Utilize Convicts.

To the Editor of the News and Courier:

Occurrences in Tennessee and elsewhere have forcibly directed attention to the question of convict labor, and the methods by which it is sought to relieve the State of the burden of its maintenance, as a direct charge upon the treasury, through employment in some form of productive industry. The so-called "contract system," under which large numbers, often the entire number of convicts, are let or hired out, at a stipulated figure, to perform various kinds of service, is the method which has been most generally resorted to, and is that to which the strongest and greatest number of exceptions have been taken, frequently manifested in personal violence to the contractors, and open and armed opposition to the authorities of the law.

In some States "convict farms" have been established, the products of which go to balance the expense of the prison system; but although this method has engendered less antagonism than the former it can readily be seen that the same logical objections obtain in both cases, and that the absence of opposition results rather from the indirectness of the competition with free labor in the latter as compared with the former method than from the existence of any real distinction. In both instances the product of convict labor is brought with greater or less directness into competition with that of free labor; it is only that its effect is more promptly and sensibly felt by the wage working than the farming classes, which goes to account for the more pronounced opposition manifested against the employment of convict labor in competition with free labor by the former than the latter element of industrial society.

What then is to be done with our convicts? They should not be permitted to live a life of idleness and thus become a dead load upon the taxpayers of the State! Certainly there is no reason why they should in this State; and it has been a matter of surprise that this large force has not been employed in the systematic accomplishment of some great public work outside of the financial possibilities of taxation, the results of which would, indirectly if not directly, reimburse the State for the expense of maintaining the convict system as it must necessarily exist, through the enhancement of values and the increased tax return from property benefited and developed by such work. In this way no legitimate industry would be endangered, neither would free labor be discredited through competition with convict labor.

But the question may well be asked what is the nature of the public work the execution of which would compass such desirable results? Are there not thousands of acres of the most fertile lands in the State lying between the foot hills and the sea? Lands which if drained would re-establish the prestige of the planter and yield a rich prosperity to the people of the whole State. I know of my own observation of lands lying idle and valued at from one to five dollars an acre, which if drained would yield readily thirty bushels of corn and fifteen bushels of peas as one-j.-at. crop per acre, and that, too, with an amount of labor which from ten to twenty bushels of wheat and from twenty to thirty bushels of oats.

I say this because I have seen just such crops growing upon small patches of ground which had been drained. I know that it is the current belief that cotton, the great summer bonum of the knights of the "one gallus and the wool hat" will not "fruit" upon these lands. My slight opportunities of observation lead me to doubt this theory, at least so far as some of the lands go, and it is my impression that doubt would ripen into demonstrable refutation under proper drainage, as I have seen a full bush of four hundred and sixty pounds of cotton gathered from one acre of these lands, upon which no phosphate had been used. I am well aware of the fact that the above statements are exceptions and not the rule upon these lands, and it is that very fact which it is intended to illustrate. Why are they exceptions? Because it is practically impossible for any one person to drain all or even most of his land. There is nothing into which to turn the water.

Now, if a certain district possessing the conditions above cited were taken in charge, a proper survey made of it with a view to drainage and suitable and sufficient canals or drains cut upon a comprehensive plan, these lands could easily be drained and reclaimed, and the same, the custodian of many of these flats, would necessarily be routed and driven from his stronghold, and in lieu of the present abandonment of desolation, productive farms would be created to the great profit of the State and our people. Certainly in this way the convict may work out his term. If not his salvation, unenvied by his free brother. All of the lands of which I speak are susceptible of drainage, being above the level of streams which pass through or environ them.

After three years of close observation it is my belief that the wealth of the State lies largely in these rich alluvial lowlands. It may not necessarily result from cotton; why should it? A bale of cotton is a good crop from one acre of land diligently worked for a whole year, while half a carload of potatoes or cabbage can be gotten from an acre in six months, after which a crop of peas can be

News Paragraphs.

—Eighty-seven people in the world die every minute.

—Speaking of Dr. Parkhurst's work of chasing the devil out of New York Sam Jones says it reminds him of the way his dog ran a hog out of a Georgia corn field. The dog ran on ahead.

—Sciatia and lumbago readily yield to Salvation Oil. A few applications will produce the desired result. Try it. 25 cts.

—Mrs. Pickett, widow of the Confederate general, who won lasting fame at Gettysburg, is in Washington endeavoring to have her son appointed as paymaster in the army, with the rank and pay of a cavalry major.

—Among the exhibits at the World's Fair will be a pack of cards which was captured from Chief Geronimo, of the Apaches, and which are made from human skin. If such skin games as this are to be resorted to what will our European guests think of us?

—Mrs. Virginia Thompson, ex-postmistress of Louisville, says that women are peculiarly fitted to conduct post offices and that this fitness ought to be recognized. "There are enough other offices for the men," she says, and all of her sex will agree with her.

—A little Washington boy, writing a composition on the zebra the other day, was requested to describe the animal and to mention what it was useful for. After deep reflection he wrote: "The zebra is like a horse, only striped. It is chiefly used to illustrate the letter Z."

—It used to be said of Gen. Hayes that he was so rmping in his economy, but this is now explained by the statement that he paid off after he became President a large bill—\$70,000. He incurred through the misfortune of another, and some he felt bound more in honor than by law to meet.

—Immigrants and returning voyagers find in Ayer's Sarsaparilla a cure for eruptions, boils, pimples, eczema, etc., whereby resulting from sea-diet and life on ship-board, or from any other cause. Its value as a tonic and alterative medicine cannot be overestimated.

—Mrs. Nancy Phillips, of North Carolina, nearly eighty-two years of age, put in the loom and wore fifteen yards of cloth from the 13th to the 20th of January, which embraced the very coldest days. Her loom was in an open house with only one fireplace. This is a wonderful record for one of her age.

—But little remains of the old prison at Andersonville. There are only a few half-rotted posts left to mark the line of the stockade, and a few low earthworks where the gates were. Some of the wells and tunnels dug by prisoners who hoped to escape thereby are also to be seen. The crumds are now the property of the Grand Army of the Republic.

—Don't waste time, money, and health, trying every new medicine you may see advertised in the papers. If the cause of your trouble is in the blood, liver, stomach, or kidneys, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla at once, and be sure of a cure. Take no other.

—As Z. A. Lewis, Sr., was fixing something about his well, near Rowanville, Alabama county, Virginia, a few days ago he slipped, and was precipitated to the bottom of the well, which is said to be seventy-five feet deep. He fell into fifteen feet of water, and soon rose and climbed up to where he could support himself until his friends made arrangements to get him out.

—This is the way a Georgia editor describes the advantages of his town: "Our town is really a beautiful country. It is a Baptist church and the grope of a Methodist, one grist mill, one water tank, which suggests a railroad; one postoffice and sixty applicants for the postmastership. Some of these days we'll have a congressman, as we already have the 'still'."

—It is computed that all the locomotives in the United States would, if coupled together, make a train three hundred miles long. The passenger cars would make another train of about the same length, and if all the cars of every variety in the country were coupled behind the engines the result would be a train just about seven thousand miles long.

—A remarkable case of faith cure is reported from Columbia, S. C. Mrs. Tull, who has been paralyzed for 18 years and had not walked a step in that time, and whose case is so incurable is reported, a since given up to have arisen from her bed and walked in obedience, she says, to a voice saying to her "Arise and walk." Mrs. Tull says that the recovery of the use of her limbs is in answer to prayer, and that her faith in God's wonderful healing power has never wavered during all the 18 years of her prostration.

—On a recent Sunday Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, asked his people for their annual contribution to the mission work of their Church in that city, and although the day was stormy and a less number than usual was present, \$10,500 was handed in. "It is such gifts as these," said the *Tribune*, "which does more than passing the church is more than a social club, and that it does really care for him."

—A horse not only sheds tears under emotion of grief, but in moments of sudden or intolerable anguish utters a most melancholy cry. In one of Cooper's interesting novels a wounded man, made of the person of a wounded horse, and Lord Esling, in a speech made in the House of Lords upon the bill for enforcing humanity towards animals, noticed this remarkable fact. An eye-witness relates the following: "On the advance to the heights of Alma a battery of artillery became exposed to the fire of a concealed Russian battery, and in the course of a few minutes it was nearly destroyed, men and horses killed and wounded, guns dismounted and limbers broken. One dismounted horse was shortly afterwards I observed a single horse still attached and unharmed. By its side on the ground lay the man who had been shot, and who had turned around as far as possible towards him, with his head on the ground smelling the body, and copious tears were tearing flowing from his eyes. It looked so like a human being in dire distress that I could not forget the sad expression for several days."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

—A Michigan woman has patented a device for securing glass in the doors of stoves and furnaces, in order that the process of baking may be watched without opening the doors, and also to save the fuel by decreasing draughts.